Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.] EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1849. VOL. 5.—NO. 39.

The Songs of Yore.

Alas! the good old songs of yore
Have gone quite out of date--
Surpassed by "Old Virginia's Shore,"
And the "North Carolina State."
No more are heard the pleasing notes
Of "Coming through the Rye;"
But turn you where you may, you'll hear
"Susanna, Don't You Cry."

To sing the song of "Home, Sweet Home,"
A girl could not be led;
But ask her for some "favorite tune,"
She'll strike up "Uncle Ned;"
Then finish off with "Buffalo Gals,"
Or else with "Dearest May;"
Forgetting that she ever knew
Some more heart-breathing lay.

Oh, give to me the songs of yore,
That come warm from the heart;
That make each pulse throb with delight,
And bid the passions start
Sing me the song of "Hours there Were,"
I'll crave not what belongs
To the list of "nigger"—pshaw! I mean
Of "fashionable" songs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

MATCH MAKING.

BY MARY DEVENANT.

'Poor Mrs. Lincoln, how I pity her!' exclaimed Mrs. Mervyn, as she turned her eyes from the lady in question, to address a gentleman who had just taken a seat beside her.

'Why so?' replied Mr. Howard; 'she does not look in a very pitiable condition, at the present moment at least, with her smiling face, her glittering turban, and her velvet dress.'

'Look again,' said the lady, 'and you will see that she is in a perfect fever of impatience and anxiety. Her mouth smiles it is true, but look at her eyes rolling in a fine phrenzy between my Kate, who is talking to that fashionable rowdy, St. Clair, and her own pretty, over dressed daughter, who is listening with such a telltale face to poor young Marston. As the fates seem always against her, I wish with all my heart she may fail in her endeavors to separate those two, who would suit each other so well.'

'Have the fates such a peculiar pleasure in crossing Mrs. Lincoln!—in my ignorance I have always supposed her a very successful manager.'

'In some respects she may be, yet she seems to fail in attaining what she sets her heart most upon. She tries her best to govern her husband—he walks the even tenor of his way, allowing her to fret and fume and manœuvre as she may. Another of her aims has ben to be a leader in the world of fashion—she has succeeded in only being its most subservient follower. She has set her heart upon her daughter's being a dashing belle, and is bitterly disappointed that nature intended her for something better. Strong, however, in her determination to 'conquer fate,' she forces to girl to undertake the part she wishes her to play, and then wonders at her want of success. Just look at the poor child, almost crushed under the load of finery with which her mother has bedizened her.

Mr. Howard looked in the direction indicated, and smiled as he observed the gentle brow of the pretty Flora overshadowed by a ponderous wreath, which would have served to crown three genuine godesses of spring, her slender arms weighed down with their multitudinous bracelets, and her petite figure flounced to the waist, until its symmetry was destroyed in the profusion of drapery. Extremely diffident by nature, she was at that moment shrinking still more from notice, to conceal the blushes that were mantling on her cheek, from pleasure in the society of one she secretly preferred.

'But you were about telling me of a love affair—were you not?' said Mr. Howard.

'Nay, I know nothing about it. I only surmise from Flora's conscious looks that she prefers young Marston, whose only fault is that he is poor; and from her mother's fidgets and manœuvres, that she has fixed her heart upon St. Clair, whose only virtue is that he is rich and fashionable, and who so sadly misuses the gifts with which kind nature has endowed him, that no sensible woman would wish him for a son-in-law.'

'Nay, you are too hard upon St. Clair,' said Mr. Howard—'besides, fortune and fashion in these days are not so much despised, even by sensible people; and if St. Clair is a little wild, why a pretty, gentle wife, would be just the very thing for him. So I am for the match decidedly,' and with a gay laugh Mr. Howard moved through the crowd.

Flora Lincoln had looked forward to this ball with intense pleasure, for she knew that she would then meet with one who rarely mingled in such scenes, and who for some unknown reason had seldom sought her society. Henry Marston had been an intimate friend of her eldest brother, now abroad, and always a favorite with herself, though till the partial estrangement we have alluded to, she scarcely knew how highly she had valued him. It was as yet new, dazzling and strange to her. She felt in a sort of bewilderment that deprived her in a measure of the powers of pleasing that she really possessed; and the injudicious course of her mother, whose determination that her daughter should take a prominent place among the belles of the season, often forced her into positions she felt to be both ridiculous and painful. Mrs. Lincoln had no idea of the possession of a single gift of nature, of accomplishment, of education, save for the purpose of display. To shine was all her aim, and shine Flora must and should—not with her own soft, morn-like radiance, but with the adventitious glare the meteor fashion could throw about her. Nothing, therefore, that expense or management could do, had been spared to attain this desirable end—if end that can be called which was but a means of reaching one still more desirable—a wealthy and distinguished marriage.

To achieve this, Mrs. Lincoln thought her prime maternal duty—a duty rendered still more onerous because four younger daughters were awaiting in the nursery and school room their turn to play their part on the stage of fashion. Flora was, therefore, to marry early, and as soon after her debut her pretty, childlike grace attracted the attention of the rich and fashionable St. Clair, he was fixed upon as the chosen future husband.

Until this unfortunate evening everything had favored Mrs. Lincoln's plans. Mr. St. Clair met all her advances very cordially, was always at hand to dance or talk with Flora, and when she was present seemed to care for no one else; while the gentle diffidence with which she permitted his intentions indicated to the sagacious mother a growing preference. At this ball, however, a change seemed to come over the spirit of both the intended lovers. Flora, deeply interested in Marston's conversation, appeared to shrink from St. Clair's notice; while he revenged himself for her indifference by an animated flirtation with Kate Mervyn, who, though less beautiful than Flora, possessed the style and air of fashion she so greatly needed.

Mrs. Lincoln was almost beside herself! —What was to be done? How willingly would she have annihilated both Kate and Henry on the spot!—but as it was, she was forced to smile and compliment, and appear to listen, while forming plans innumerable to subvert the threatened failure of her darling scheme. Poor Flora!—little did she dream, as with beating heart and glowing cheek she said good bye to Henry as he placed her in the carriage beside her mother, of the storm that was about to burst about her devoted head. Mrs. Lincoln had been irritated passed endurance by the restraint she had been obliged to impose upon her feelings; their outbreat was, therefore, proportionably strong, and Flora wept and strove to pacify her in vain.

It was some time, indeed, before the poor girl was able to comprehend the ground of her offence, for until this moment she was entirely unconscious of her mother's plans. When the truth at last dawned upon her, it came with such stunning force that, as the light from the opening door of their home gleamed upon her daughter's face, Mrs. Lincoln was shocked at the change that had come over it. The soft and gentle expression was gone, the tears dried, and a stony calmness that awed the angry mother into silence, had usurped its place. No further word was spoken on either side. Flora silently took her candle and proceeded to her solitary chamber, and there sat, decked with her mocking finery, until daylight dawned.

But oh! the bitter thoughts that chased each other through her busy brain, as she sat there so calm, so still. It seemed as though a veil had been stripped from her eyes, and she no longer looked upon the fair outside of things, but on their hard realities. The mother she loved so dearly now stood before her a worldly schemer, who had avowed herself ready to sacrifice her daughter's happiness to her own ambition; and to what other love could she trust if her's had failed? Even the thought of Marston brought no relief. She knew that she loved him, but had she any proof that he loved her in return?—none but kind looks and gentle words and tones, which perchance he might give to others, as well as to her. So Flora at daylight sought her neglected couch, as utterly miserable as one so innocent could be.

Mrs. Lincoln's nature was one that never could bear opposition. Let her have her own way, and few could seem more amiable and pleasant than she. Oppose her, and she made you feel it every hour in the day, and every minute of the hour. She was a fond mother, but one that exacted implicit obedience; and her children, who were naturally gentle, seldom ventured to disobey her. To Flora, in particular, who was always self-distrustful and diffident to a fault, her mother's wishes had hitherto been absolute commands.—It was, 'Flora, you will wear such a dress to-night'—'your hair must be arranged so and so'—'you will dance in this style, play in that, behave in the other,' and so on forever. The business of her life, in fact, was that of giving directions and seeing them obeyed. Her husband, satisfied with his own personal freedom, with which he had taught his wife never to interfere, allowed her to be the sun around which the domestic system moved with admirable regularity. The very thought then of Flora wandering from her proper sphere, like some eccentric comet, and decided for herself, was not to be suffered for a single moment. Next morning Flora was summoned like a culprit before the maternal bar, when in plain terms Mrs. Lincoln requested she would hold no further intercourse with Henry Marston than the barest civility demanded, as he was an acquaintance of whom she entirely disapproved. Flora ventured to inquire 'why?'

'I request I may be obeyed Flora, without being accountable for my wishes to a child like you. There may be many reasons why I think a young man an unfit companion for my daughter, which it would be improper for me to speak or you to hear. Nay, no heroics,' she added, as Flora was about interrupting her with clasped hands and streaming eyes—'your duty as a daughter is submission, and it is well for you that you have a mother better able to judge what is for your true happiness than you are capable of doing for yourself. As to Mr. St. Clair—you have promised yourself too far, in the eyes of the world, to think of receding now.'

'Oh, mamma, mamma!' said Flora in an angry agony, 'do not speak to me of St. Clair, when my whole heart—'

'Silence, Flora!' said her mother imperiously, with a tone and look that checked the warm tears of her daughter, and closed the warmer heart that was about pouring forth its inmost feelings into the mother's ear. But Mrs. Lincoln knew too well what she was about, to listen to any confessions. Coldly and authoritatively she reiterated her commands, and poor Flora, after a few hopeless struggles, was forced to submit.—Her constrained manner to Henry grieved him deeply, and after a vain effort to ascertain the cause, he disappeared from the circles in which she appeared.

Thus time went on, and Mrs. Lincoln's plans seemed on the eve of their fulfillment. Flora, who for awhile appeared to droop and languish, had now brightened up again, and attained to more than usual vivacity. She seemed daily to gain more confidence in herself, and to claim more consideration from those around her. Mr. St. Clair was her constant visitor, he sang with Flora, walked and rode with her, and she would often return from these excursions with so glowing a cheek, that Mrs. Lincoln was sure that mystic words had been spoken, and though restless and fidgeting as ever, she was perfectly certain that all was going right. To add to her satisfaction, it was currently reported that Henry Marston was seriously attentive to Kate Mervyn, and though she wondered that her mother would allow her to think of one so poor and unknown to fame, she felt doubly thankful that her own masterly policy had checked the incipient flame in her daughter's bosom, and by forcing him to see that there was no hope there, had directed his views into another channel.

It was evening—the lights burned brightly on the table of Mrs. Lincoln's spacious drawing room and flashed upon the splendid mirrors, and the gorgeous gilding; the rich curtains fell with their heavy folds across the darkened windows, and the whole apartment with its brilliant carpet and luxurious furniture, spoke of wealth, ease and comfort. But neither the ease nor the comfort that surrounded them seemed to have found their way into the hearts of the master and mistress of all this elegance. Mr. Lincoln was walking restlessly up and down the room, and his usually good humored face looked puzzled and anxious; while Mrs. Lincoln, in her authorative dogmatic style exclaimed—

'It will be a most admirable thing for poor Flora—besides it is my match from beginning to end—I planned and arranged it all, and though Flora was a little restive at first, I fixed the matter at once, by saying it should be as I desired—you see the result. She is now as happy as the day is long, and I am sure will consent to marry St. Clair as soon as he asks it—indeed, I wonder he has not spoken before this.'

Mr. Lincoln stopped short in his hurried walk, and with a peculiar expression replied—'I do not wonder at it at all. Mr. St. Clair knows very well that I will never consent to his marrying Flora, and that once in my life I intend having my own way.'

'My dear Mr. Lincoln, how very absurd.'

'Absurd! yes, it is absurd—the very height of absurdity. I can't help laughing, for the soul of me, at the absurdity of the whole affair;' and Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily.

'What do you mean, Mr. Lincoln?' said the lady angrily—'this is no laughing matter.'

'It is my dear—upon my life it is—'let those laugh that win,' you know,' and Mr. Lincoln's merriment redoubled.

'Mr. Lincoln, what do you mean!'

'Read this, my dear, and you will see,' and Mr. Lincoln placed in her hand a note addressed to himself, by Mr. Mervyn, announcing his daughters engagement, alluding to the happy termination of all their difficulties, with thanks for Mr. Lincoln's kind offices, and hopes that Flora would act as bridesmaid. Mrs. Lincoln read the note nearly through before she discovered the bridegroom was not to be Henry Marston, as she anticipated—but St. Clair.

We cannot attempt to describe the scene which ensued; it is enough to tell its termination. After having exhausted herself in invectives against St. Clair, Kate, Flora, and the whole world, Mrs. Lincoln had sunk sobbing on the sofa, when her husband said to her—

'I have so long let you have your own way, Sarah, that you must forgive me if I have made use of a little stratagem to carry mine. I confess that I wanted the courage to endure all that we both should have had to suffer had I opposed you openly. Now the matter is done, and you will be obliged to submit. But you might have spared yourself all this mortification, had you been willing to listen to your daughter, when she would have laid bare her whole heart to you; and you may be thankful your unkindness did not drive her to deceit or desperation. In her misery she came to me—told me that she loved Marston, and implored me not to force her to marry St. Clair. I told her to submit to your wishes, while I would see what could be done. Through my friend Howard I soon discovered how matters stood. St. Clair had long been attached to Kate, but her mother was prejudiced against him, and his attentions to Flora were but a blind to conceal his real feelings, so that if her heart had not been occupied by another, she might, through your fault, at this moment have been suffering the miseries of a hopeless attachment. Mr. Mervin, approved of his daughter's choice, as I did of Flora's; but as both of us were under petticoat government, we concerted together our plan, by means of which all our young people were able to see a good deal of each other, until their mothers could be brought to right reason. Mrs. Mervyn, finding her daughter's happiness is so deeply interested, has at last given her consent, and confesses that she judged the young man too hastily. Howard, who has been the master mover of our plot, dines here to morrow, and with him, Henry Marston. He is a son-in-law I should be proud of, and so will you when you come to your senses. Remember how the world will laugh if they think you are outwitted.'

And the dread of the world's laugh prevailed. Mrs. Lincoln digested her disappointment; put a good face upon the matter, praised Henry's virtues and abilities in all companies, and declared in her usual stereotyped phrase on such occasions, that 'had she searched the world over, Flora could not have made a better choice.'—The wedding was as grand as though it had been for a millionaire, and Mr. Lincoln, in his delight at his daughter's happiness, declares that he is so pleased with his success, that he is afraid he may be tempted to take up his wife's forsaken business of match making.

A QUEER HEAD-DRESS.—Lieut. Lynch, in his expedition to the Dead Sea thus describes a queer head dress, which the women about Bevroot wear:

'The most striking peculiarity of dress we saw, was the tautur or horn, worn mostly by the wives of mountaineers. It was 14 inches or two feet long, 3 or 4 inches wide at the base, and about 1 inch at the top. It is made of tin, silver or gold, according to the circumstances of the wearer, and it is sometimes studded with precious stones. From the summit descends a veil, which falls upon the breast, and, at will, conceals the features. It is worn only by married ones of highest rank, and once assumed it is worn for life. Altho' the temple may throb and the brain be racked with fever, it cannot be laid aside. Put on with the bridal robe, it does not give place to the shroud. * * * It is supposed to have some reference to the words, 'the horns of the righteous shall be exalted.''

From the American Courier.

The Ruse de Guerre.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MURAT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY JACOB JONES, OF RICHMOND, VA.

While Italy was in possession of the French, a mutiny broke out in one of the regiments stationed at Livourne. Napoleon, when he heard of it, determined to make an example of the offenders, and commissioned Murat to punish the ring-leaders.

Murat soon arrived at Livourne, and ordered the seditious regiment to parade in the *place;* he then told the soldiers that he had been commanded by the Emperor to punish them for their misconduct, and that he would have every tenth man in the regiment shot. The force of his gestures and language, coupled with the authority of his name, caused the men to submit at once. They became greatly alarmed, threw themselves on their knees before him, and prayed for mercy; but he was inflexible. He ordered the regiment to be confined in the citadel until the day appointed for the execution. While there, the soldiers sent deputations continually to Murat, beseeching him to intercede for them with the Emperor. They seemed so penitent, that at last Murat sent them word that if they would select three men to be shot, he would pardon the rest. The victims were soon designated; and their execution was appointed for the next morning. In the meantime, the rest of the men remained close prisoners. In the middle of the night, the three soldiers, who were to die the next morning, were sent for by Murat. When they came, he said to them—

'You will be shot to-morrow. I hope you will endeavor, by dying bravely, to remove the stain from your names. I will promise to convey your last wishes to your parents. Have you thought of your mothers? Tell me!' (Sobs choked their utterance.) 'They would have been proud of you if you had died on the battle field; but *here*—oh! unhappy men!—go! I will send you a priest to offer you the consolations of religion. Think of God and France—you are no longer of this world!'

The soldiers threw themselves at his feet, not to ask for their lives, but for his pardon before they died.

As they were going out, he called them back.

'Listen,' said he; 'if I give you your lives, will you be honest men?'

'No, we want to die,' answered one of the soldiers; 'we deserve death—let us be shot.'

'But I do not wish you to die, will you still say so? I have never shed blood but on the field of battle. I have never ordered my own soldiers to be shot at, and I do not wish to have you killed, for you are Frenchmen, and my brothers, although criminal.'

The soldiers could not restrain their tears.

'Listen to me,' continued Murat; 'you have committed a great crime, but as you seem so penitent, I will spare your lives. You must, however, be considered dead, especially by your own regiment. To-morrow, before day, you will be conducted to one of the gates of the town—there you will be shot at by a file of men; you must fall as if dead; your regiment will then pass by. As soon as the last file has turned into the cross street, a man whom I have bribed will place you in a cart and carry you to the country; there you will find some sailors' clothes and 1000 francs for each of you. You must secrete yourselves somewhere three days; in that time an American vessel will be ready to sail for New Orleans; you must go in her. I hope you will become honest men. Go! I will take care of your families.'

The soldiers bathed his feet with their tears, and declared he should be satisfied with them.

Everything happened as Murat had foretold. A severe example was given to the regiment, and Napoleon thanked Murat for having sacrificed only three men. The Emperor was happily deceived, and never became cognizant of the ruse played off upon him. Murat's plan was known only by a few of his friends, and was not revealed till after his death.

In the fall of '31, a young man, who was hunting near New Orleans, was overtaken by a thunder storm. He took refuge in a thick part of the forest, and soon perceived a small cottage, in a little 'clearing,' at a short distance. He approached it and knocked at the door. It was opened by an old woman, who invited him to enter, and led him into a small but neat hall, the walls of which were decorated with portraits of Napoleon, (surrounded by laurel branches,) and numerous engravings of his principal battles.

'It seems,' said the young hunter, 'that my good star has conducted me to the house of a compatriot.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the old lady, 'we are French people. My son is in the garden—I will call him.' she continued.

'Your son is French also?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the old lady hesitatingly; 'he has been established here for a long time, and thanks be to God he has not repented it. That young woman is his wife. We live respected and happy.'

The master of the house now entered.

'This gentleman,' said his mother, 'has done us the honor to stop for a little while under our roof until the rain is over: he is one of us a Frenchman.'

The farmer made him the military salutation and welcomed him. He seemed singularly struck with his figure, and was so much moved he could not speak. However, at length he stammered out—

'Sir, you will, perhaps, consider my question impertinent, but I am obliged to ask your name, your figure,——'

'My friend,' interrupted the young huntsman, 'that is the only question which I cannot answer. I could easily deceive you by giving a false name, but I prefer to be silent. However, although I refuse to give my own, can I ask your name?'

The farmer sighed, but did not answer.

'It seems,' said the young man, 'that you are obliged to be silent also.'

'Yes, sir, the name I bear is not my own; but what good will it do you to know it? Here I am called Claude Gerard.'

'At all events,' said his mother, 'it is not necessary for the young gentleman to imagine that my son has disgraced his name; there are reasons which,——'

'It is so with me,' said the hunter; 'I do not wish to tell my name except to those who deserve to know it—but as I believe you are worthy people, I will tell you. I am Achille Murat, the son of the King of Naples.'

Claude Gerard and his mother fell on their knees and wept. The Prince, seeing them weep, knew not what to think of it. Claude, as soon as he could speak showed the Prince a portrait of the King of Naples, and cried—

'Behold this, my benefactor and the guardian saint of this farm—your glorious father; I owe all to him—he saved my life.'

'On the field of battle!' asked Prince Achille.

'No,' replied Claude Gerard; 'I was condemned to death. Two comrades as guilty as myself were to be shot with me. We were led out to the gate of Livourne; we were shot at—we fell. It was your father who arranged all this; with his money I came to America. My two comrades died two years ago in New York. I have worked, and have now a competence. My mother who believed her son dead, received a letter from him calling her to America. The poor woman nearly died with joy at recovering me. Now if the son of my royal benefactor wishes for my life, my goods or my farm, they are all at his service.'

☞The Hungarian army, according to the London Times, numbers 396,000, more than equal to the combined Russian and Austrian forces engaged in the campaign. This vast army is divided into 11 corps, commanded by the following generals: Bem, a Pole; Gregory, a Hungarian; Damianitsh, a Croat; Perezel, a Hungarian; Guyon, an Irishman; Klapka, a Sclave; Dannemberg, a Hungarian; and Aulich, a German. The Hungarian Cavalry consists of 27 regiments of regulars, each of 2,000 to 3,400 men, and 40,000 irregulars. The have 480 pieces of cannon, most of which are 12 and 18 pounders. The Hungarian clergy of all sects, are wandering about the country in their clerical costume, preaching extermination against the foreign invaders. The following is the Oath of Kossuth, on being elected Governor of Hungary: 'I Ludwig Kossuth, elected Governor by the National Assembly, swear that I will maintain the declaration of independence of the nation in all its consequences; that I will yield and enforce obedience to the laws and to the resolution of the National Assembly. So help me God.'

THE REST OF LIFE.—If people live without an object, they stand, as it were, on the outside of active life, which gives strength to inward occupation, even if no noble endeavor or sweet friendship give that claim to daily life which makes it occasionally, at least a joy to live; disquiet rages fiercely and tumultuously in the human breast, undermining health, temper, goodness, nay, even the quiet of conscience, and conjuring up all the spirits of darkness; so does the corroding rust eat into the steel plate, and deface its clear mirror with a tracery of disordered caricatures. 'He who has no employment which he gives himself with true earnestness, which he does not love as much as himself, has not discovered the true ground on which Christianity brings forth fruit.'

☞The best goods generally come in small packages—this is some consolation for little people.